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Gibson told him that it was so important to get that bear, for him to go on where the bear was raising the devil with the hounds, and so Mr. Sheets came to the bear.

Lame Paw, twelve inches between the ears, was trying to put his paw on the dog, and when the paw came down the dog was elsewhere. Sheets had the following equipment: A Winchester repeating shot gun, with shell loaded with an ounce ball. It seems that of late years, the man who carries a twelve guage shotgun that uses shells, each containing an ounce of small shot, may buy at the hardware stores shells in which each has an ounce ball and this ball cartridge when shot from such a shotgun has about the same range as the old time mountain rifle, and it is very effective ammunition for deer and bears.

The bear and dogs were fussing around in a grown up hacking and Sheets was able to shoot Lame Paw twice before the harrassed bear knew that that his enemy was on him. One of the balls went through the body near the heart and the other entered near the backbone and ranged back to the ham. The bear then went on and the dogs showed their perfect team work, each tugging at a ham and dodging and coming again.

Sheets followed but for a time it was not possible to shoot on account of the presence of the hounds and Sheets, having plenty of speed, ran around the bear and took his position on a rocky place in a cleft in the cliffs where the bear must pass. And out of the brush the big brute cameed

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and as it happened, he got rid of the dogs for the time being.

Now a bear being the wisest and most timid of animals where man is concerned, will not come in shouting distance if he can help it, but when cornered or attacked there is no animal as dangerous and as hard to stop with a ball. In this case the bear, desperately wounded but with all his power left, made directly at the hunter as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground, and the hunter refusing to be a consenting party to his own destruction, in the space of a fraction of a second took aim and shot Lame Paw square between the eyes, and the big hunt was over.

On being examined the worn condition of the teeth indicated an old bear. It was as fat as fat could be and the meat was good to those who like bear meat. Owing to the late spring the hide was in perfect condition, the hair being long, thick, black and glossy.

The bear was thought to have weighed about five hundred pounds, and was the second largest bear that had been killed on the waters of Elk, and that was saying a good deal for there have been hundreds if not thousands of bears killed in those fine bear grounds.

The largest bear was fourteen inches between the ears, and was the famous Williams River sheep killing bear, killed on Elk in 1910 by Samuel Gibson. He was generally referred to as the "Old Hellion", and he used on Elk River and Williams River for years and actually put some farmers out of the sheep business.

Marathon Race----- 1898

The year of 1898 saw the revival of the Olympic games in Greece after 4000 years. These Englishmen at Mingo were very much interested in them, and they sent a challenge, to the boys at Marlinton, for a of 25 miles. The challenge was accepted. As the day approached and training went on, our athletes at Marlinton began with one accord to make excuses, for 25 miles and over two mountains, is a long run.

The Marlinton entries dwindled down to one, but Mingo was in no better shape, for they found that they could have but one entry. Dr. Norman R. Price, who has since won the rank of major in the army(world war), was the entry from Marlinton. S.E.L.Grews, a splendid gentleman, a son of an English colonel, was the other entry. A telephone line had recently been built into the county and people could keep tab on the race.

The race was to begin at the Randolph county line, and was to be run over what is now the Seneca Trail to Marlinton. It took place on September 24, 1898. Andrew Price was the time-keeper.

The two boys raced to much at the start and made the first 12 miles in an hour, but at just 2 hrs. 59 minutes Grews came in winning. As he came toward the goal, he had the expression of a deer that had been run to death by hounds. He went home with death in his face, and in a few weeks he dropped dead.

Norman Price came in in three hours and 15 minutes. He told me that he felt none the worse for the race except that

his feet were blistered and very sore for about a week. He said that he had on leather shoes, as tennis shoes were unknown in Pocahontas at that time.

I interviewed Dr. Price on April 26, 1940 for this material, as the account given in the W. Va. Blue Book 1928 was not like I had always heard it. Dr. Norman said his brother Andrew just wrote that for a joke on him.